$1.50 " year

NOVEMBER, 194

The Liberalist

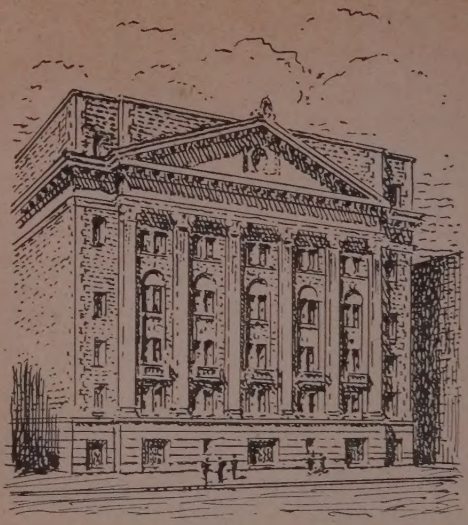
PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

For all the wonders of this wondrous world:
The pure pearl splendors of the coming day.

. . . . . .

For work to do, and strength to do the work—
We thank Thee, Lord!

John Oxenham



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Vol. XXI **November, 1944** *Number 8*

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence at Sheridan
33rd Year

MORNING SERVICE—11:00 O'CLOCK
Broadcast by WJJD

EVENING SERVICE—7:30 O'CLOCK
Not Broadcast (2,000 seats)

✦ ✦ ✦

Church School of Religious Education—Sunday, 9:30 A.M.

✦ ✦ ✦

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures—8:00 to 9:00

✦ ✦ ✦

Dr. Bradley's Radio Schedule
WGN–6:00 p. m.–Monday through Friday
WJJD–11:00-12:30–Every Sunday Morning

✦ ✦ ✦

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

Thanksgiving Morning Community Service
THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23rd, 1944
11:00 to 12:00

This is a day when every American should attend the church of his choice with a grateful heart for being in a country whose flag still waves in freedom!

Plan to bring your family and your guests to Church for this one hour of prayer and Thanksgiving. Dr. Bradley will deliver a short address. The service will be dismissed promptly at 12:00 noon.

Special Announcement

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICES

in the

PEOPLES CHURCH

Opening Night—Sunday, November 5th

7:30 P. M.

DR. PRESTON BRADLEY, Pastor

SUBJECT: "OUR NEXT PRESIDENT"

✦ ✦ ✦

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures

Opening Night—Wednesday, November 1st

8:00 P. M.

November Book Lectures

Nov. 1—"STRANGE FRUIT"
by Lillian Smith

Nov. 8—"THE TIME FOR DECISION"
by Sumner Welles

Nov. 15—"YANKEE FROM OLYMPUS"
by Catherine Drinker Bowen

Nov. 22—"AMERICA UNLIMITED"
by Eric Johnston

Nov. 29—"TIME MUST HAVE A STOP"
by Aldous Huxley

"AMERICA'S MOST DANGEROUS MAN"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago

I SUPPOSE if I were to go to the Republicans who are in the congregation this morning or listening, they would probably say, "Mr. Roosevelt"; and if I were to go to some of you Democrats who are here, and I hope there are some Democrats here, and say to you, "Who is the most dangerous man in America?" you would probably say, "Mr. Dewey." Some of you might say, "Mr. Sidney Hillman" to take in the Democratic emphasis, and another one might say "Mr. John L. Lewis" to take in the Republican emphasis, for the Democrats have Mr. Hillman and the Republicans have Mr. Lewis, and from the point of view of your own loyalties, you would very glibly express an opinion, and that's quite all right. Some of you might say, "Mr. Norman Thomas," and I could go through the whole category of men and women who have stood for certain things in their lives, for the more you stand for in this world, the more enemies you will have. And people who suffer from vituperation and hatred from others are usually people who have taken a definite stand; they stand for something; and you cannot stand for anything in this world without having opposition, and it is in the opposition where you develop strength. It is only as we find it necessary to resist actively against our own destruction that we create strength for ourselves. That is a basic law of growth and development.

Now then, I am not going to do what ninety per cent of the people who have written me this week wanted me to do. I am a little bit ornery about some things. I can stand quite a lot, and take a lot, UP TO A CERTAIN POINT, and then my Celtic temperament begins to operate and quite normally I am attracted into the opposition. In other words, being tinged with Celtic tendency, I have a natural adaptability for "aginness"—you know what I mean. It is a matter of temperament . . . I just sometimes get to the point where I have just got to be "agin" it, just on normal principles of opposition. Ninety per cent of the people who wrote me this week said: "Oh, Doctor Bradley, it is time for somebody to come out and name names, and I know who the most dangerous man in America is * * *" and they entered into a tirade of opposition and hate . . . I had it on both sides, and in the middle.

They are going to be awfully disappointed in what I am going to say. I hope I shall not lose their respect, because if you will analyze and get down underneath what I am trying to say, all of you Republicans, and all of you Democrats, and all of you Socialists, and all of you Communists, all of you people who are giving increasing evidence of anchoring your faith in the future to some personality, or to a governmental technique, to you who feel that the future belongs to one man, or two men, or a group of men, and that your responsibility is fully met to that future when you vote for a presidential candidate, or who feel that the future is entirely in the hands of Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Dewey, or some other one man, *IT IS NOT,* for whoever is elected President of the United States

in four weeks, whether you re-elect a present president, or elect a new president, the future depends on something more fundamental and more basic and far more elemental than political personality or political party platforms, something far more basic and far more elemental.

Now, I think there is a dangerous man in America, and I think the most dangerous man in America can easily be located. I think it is easy to find the most dangerous man in this country. Perhaps he is in this Church this morning; perhaps he is listening out there and I shall never see him, never know him, never meet him; there is a dangerous man loose in America. Who is he, where is he? We shall see in a few minutes.

Let me build for a moment before I come to any deductions. On this day of anniversary significance, we meet under the most unusual circumstances in the life of our Church, or the life of the nation: deepening confusions of international complications, increasingly significant tragedies such as the tragedy of Warsaw; inevitable manifestation of military strength on the part of our enemies which has compelled the military experts to now acknowledge that the present European campaign must be won in the month of October or it will not be won this year, and that means only three weeks more before winter and we are bogged down in Europe. It means an increasing complexity in the intricate and complicated character of our own economic and industrial structure. We are no more prepared for peace in 1944 than we were prepared for war in 1940. WE ARE AT SEA! I don't think that is an exaggeration. Every plan, every suggestion, every theory for our future is assailed, is attacked, is rejected by an ever increasing reaction, favorable or unfavorable, on the part of ourselves. The difficulty of establishing an after-war economy which will maintain the economic integrity and structure of our nation is being submerged in the animosities of personal accusations, the repetition of rumors and shoddiness of thinking, and it is a danger sign, a tragic sign. The problems of stabilization of international currency by which, at the cessation of war and when every gun has cooled, international co-operation of trade between nations must be established to preserve sanity, is still a nebulous thing. One person has an idea and then another person has another and then there is controversy, vituperation and more hate. I am portraying this not to create a sense of despair at all, but to indicate that if I sound like a worried man in these few minutes I think every discriminating and intelligent listener could not help but conclude that the attitude is justified by facts. Probably not in our history were the problems any more acute or important, and the leadership less effective, than they are today. The political tragedy of this nation is of such proportions on all sides and in every particular as to cause a sincere citizen grave concern.

That is not an overstatement; not at all. Add to this the overpowering and overburdening increasing agony of the death of the fine youth of the world, every hour, every second. The best and finest youth of the world, the progenitors of another civilization like this, will be killed in the next 24 hours! Poets who will never sing their song! Artists who will never paint! Musicians who will never play! Scientists who will never know a laboratory! Preachers who will never have a pulpit! Authors who will never write a book! Farmers who will never till the soil! Workers who will never know labor . . . dead, dead. I see those dead! I hear through the mystical walls between this plane

and their plane their cries at me and at you, and the thing that is of more concern to me than any other one thing is whether America and Britain and France and Russia shall be able to submerge . . . that's the word, *SUBMERGE* . . . their own individual dreams and lusts of power and might, and by developing in each nation a quality of leadership of such intellectual and spiritual and moral sensitiveness as to transcend all political parties into a higher manifestation of action, when they gather at the green covered tables to write the future, that every representative here will realize that he is writing with human blood. Human blood flows from the pens of the peacemakers now. Blood from the boys of The Peoples Church will be on their pen points; blood from many a home in this congregation today; you are contributing. We are at the crossroads, and *the most dangerous man in this country is the man who says THAT IT CANNOT BE A WORLD OF PEACE!* A disillusioned man stands and looks me in the face (and I meet them day after day and have experience after experience as I go up and down this country) and he says to me: "Doctor Bradley, we have always had war; we are always going to have war; man has always fought and man always will fight; it will never be any different," and then he winds up with a phrase that I am so irritated at hearing that I may not be accountable for all I will do if I hear it much more, for it is so highly indicative of an utter lack of knowledge, (and that's making the accusation of ignorance, and to call or intimate that any person is ignorant is serious, but I make it)—the charge that you cannot change human nature. I am getting tired of it. I am getting tired of the cheap, shoddy, sophomoric, absurdly untutored, badly disciplined thinking of Americans! It is a sad comment that we base our opinions upon screeching headlines and the raucous voices of temperamental commentators! It is a sad comment when every prejudice and animus that we have in our consciousness is being played up to by people who don't want peace—who don't want a world peace. They want their own selfish interests and their own personal and privately owned dollars, and they want their own security and their own ease, and finally and fundamentally they don't care a thing about what happens to the poor or aged, or to the unemployed, who may haunt this country in the next two years with a ghastly specter such as we have never seen, and lead to bankruptcy that follows inflation when this ghastly thing is over, while people glibly make their promises and shout from the housetops "what I have done, what I will do, or what he has not done," and in the hysteria and frenzy and mass psychology of a political campaign we fall into the trap again and again!

My dear friends and people of this beloved Church, which is my life and my soul, how can I convince you, what can I say? Prejudices, hate, religious hatreds, racial hatreds, when an old orthodox Jew, with his long beard and his long trailing black coat, and his old black hat, and his funny little ringlets under his ears, is stopped on a Chicago street by a lot of hoodlums who hold him while they cut off his beard to desecrate him . . . don't you see where your racial hatred is going, America? Do you want the example of Hitler in front of you? Hating religions, hating races, hating color, repeating lies, mumbling slanders, whispering innuendoes, crystalizing public opinion . . . men dying, dying, dying, dying, dying . . . the most dangerous man in America is the man who whispers that it is impossible to create a world out

of this chaos! Are you that dangerous man? Have you lost your faith and your hopes and your dreams? Have you become a cynic and a defeatist, and are you saying that all this does not matter, that it will all have to be done over in about 25 or 50 years? *IF IT WILL HAVE TO BE DONE OVER AGAIN IN 25 YEARS, THE BLAME WILL BE ON YOU!* There will be no escape route for you, then another Hitler and another Mussolini, another personality will rise out of the unemployment, the unrest, the hate, the breeding ground by which humanity always becomes mass-minded and mass-conscious, and someone will come and grasp the imagination of this great broken, disintegrated world, and if you say it can only be a bad man and the hour can only be bad it is because you have never had your mind and heart open enough to know that there is one good man in human history who has persisted and penetratingly held a certain ideal before civilization; and man can stumble and fight and grovel and hate, and get up and go on again, and go on killing, and killing, and killing, until through the cleansing of shed blood, the washing of blood, man will rise, rise to the full stature of his personality, man will see the undimmed reality growing increasingly bright of the Kingdom of God, the Brotherhood of Man, the Federation of Man and the Parliament of the World!

Man's dream is not sent here to mock him; God is not an infinite jester, He did not put into your heart and mind the dreams of decency, beauty, co-operation and brotherhood, truth and grandeur, just to mock you. Man's dreams are in themselves prima facie evidence that there is a reality beyond the dream and the mere fact that man has had his dreams . . . Italy is not Mussolini, Italy is Garibaldi, and Mazzini, and Verdi; Italy is not Mussolini, never was. Germany is not Nietzsche, and Treitschke; Germany is Goethe, and Schiller, and Heine, and Beethoven, and Mozart, and Bach. Russia is not the impossible agonizing experiment of an unworkable economic scheme with its denuded conceptions of the truth and fact of God; Russia is Tschaikowsky, and Chekhov, and Tolstoy. Britain is not the dream of an empire upon which the sun may never set and where the peoples who compose the empire have a long, tortuous pathway before the full fruition of dominion status; Britain is John Stuart Mill, and Milton, and Wilberforce. America is not the America of the trust and the monopoly and the few who own, by centralized wealth and interlocking directorates, the wealth of the nation, and who, in hours of political emergencies, exploit on the basis of prejudice and passion, that is not America! America is Ralph Waldo Emerson; America is William Ellery Channing; America is Walt Whitman; America is Henry George; America is Lincoln, and we are not the puppets and pawns upon the chessboard of fate, imprisoned by something called "human nature" with some powerful jester dangling the strings tied to our backs, putting words into our mouths and deeds into our hands and saying: "You are only puppets in a play; I will put words into your mouths and you will speak them, and you will play your little part." We are not puppets; we are Americans, and the most dangerous man or woman among us is the person who says that our dreams are all mockery, our future will be one of more hate! The most valuable person in America is the person who, like the prophet of old, prefaced what he had to say with: "Thus sayeth the Lord, I will build a new heaven and a new earth." That is our job for tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow.

Taken From Dr. Bradley's Latest Book "My Daily Strength"

GOD'S QUEST FOR MAN

God has released men out into this world and when man is less than God, God seeks him out—God makes the quest for him.

God is not a finalist. He has released you and me in a universe of brains and we choose.

When you choose the bad and make mistakes and the resultant heartache comes—don't blame God.

Don't blame God for war—drought—disease. Don't say "Why does God do this?" Say instead: "I am going to work with God and for God that these things no longer be."

"Your world is beautiful," says God, "won't you restore it in my image?"

Infinite Spirit and Power, somehow might we be able to project the consciousness of Thy Power and Thy Spirit into our lives this day. Might there be a renaissance; might we be through with all of the interfering things that stand in the way with their tyranny and their seeming power. Might we break the bonds of habit and throw off and forever be finished with that which limits and circumscribes.

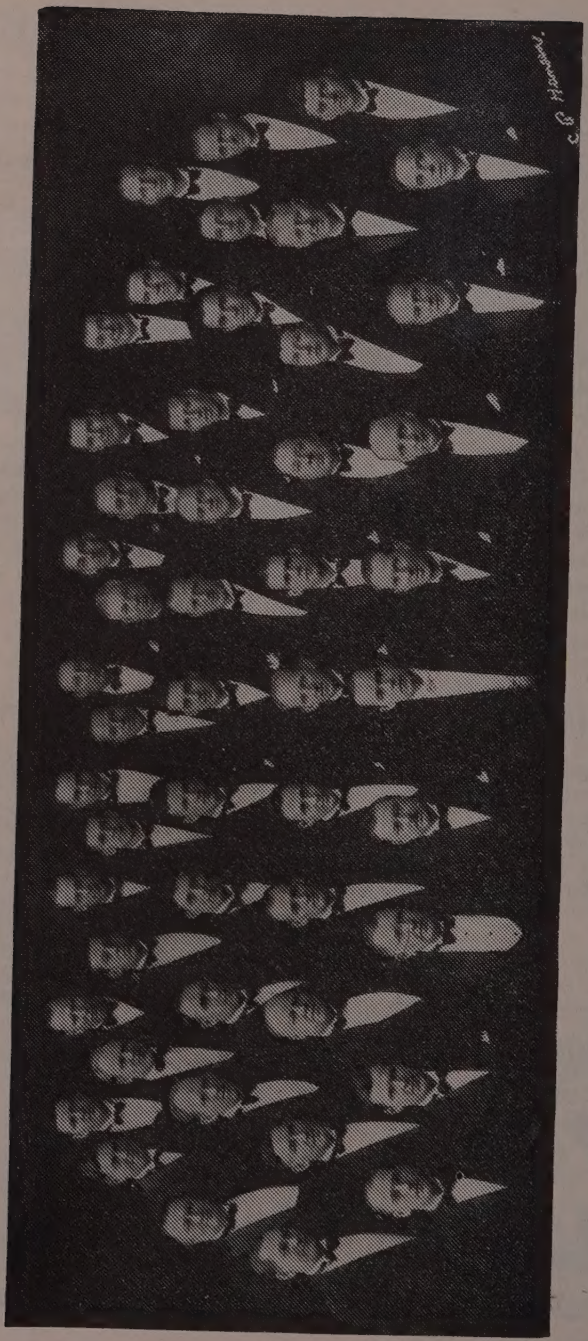
CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes, too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary, The Peoples Church,
941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

The Autumn-time has come,
On woods that dream of bloom
And over purpling vines,
The low sun fainter shines,
I feel the earth move sunward,
I join the great march onward,
And take, by faith, while living,
My freehold of Thanksgiving.

—*WHITTIER*



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KNUTE HANSEN, Director

Sunday Afternoon, November 26th, 1944

4:00 to 5:30

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at Sheridan Road

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Peoples Church—LON. 6878

($1.00—20c tax)—$1.20

(The Svithoid Singing Club is a non-profit organization.)
(All the proceeds will be used for charitable work.)

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... Associate Editor
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EDITORIAL

I MEET people every day of my life who foster and entertain a feeling of inability, and if I were asked to name the one thing which might stand in the way, to the exclusion of every other, of the building of a decent world after this war, I should say this feeling of incompetency and impotency. I am opposed to using the phrase "It can't be done!" Of course it cannot if enough people think it cannot, for thoughts have a way of translating themselves into action. We can easily think our way into defeat and disaster. But the converse is also true: we can think our way into triumph and achievement. Instead of meeting each other with a revealing shrug of the shoulders and an expression which is between a sigh and a groan, when these difficulties and problems are before us, and saying "Well, it just can't be done," how would it be to throw back our shoulders and hold up our chins and with a positive and creative attitude say "It can be done and we are going to do it." The difference between these two is the difference between failure and victory.

This is all vastly more important than it sounds, and the expression of each person in the country is vastly more important than most of us realize. The fallacy that government is something which comes from the top is a fallacy we ought to be overthrowing and overcoming. Democracies are not governed from the top down, but from the bottom up. As Hugh Gibson aptly expressed it, "Democracy in our own country does not come to us from Washington; we send it to Washington." That is not true of the government of the tyrant, but it is true and must remain true in a society of free people. It is not only true of our nation, but its principle can be applied to the world at large. What's the use of anchoring our hopes for a better future on world constitutions, or world leagues, or world courts, or world police, or any other world society, thinking that they can operate adequately without the wholehearted cooperation, support and spirit of the peoples whom they seek to serve. The success is not in the machinery but with the operators and we are the operators.

I doubt if more than a few people in this country, one day before Pearl Har-

bor, had the slightest idea that we could transfer ourselves in the length of time in which we have done so, from a nation of peace, with an abhorrence of war, into the most powerful fighting unit the world has ever known, but it was done. Only a few days before Pearl Harbor the Gallup Poll of this nation showed that 86% of our people were opposed to war. I was surprised that it wasn't 100%, for none of us ever ought to want war. We are not a bloodthirsty people; our sons are not natural killers; they are not murderers, and to the last one of them, they abhor the shedding of human blood. By nature we are a peace-loving people and personally I hope we shall never cease to be so. But those who said "we cannot fight a war because we are a peace-loving people" have had demonstrated how untrue their opinions were. We can do it, we are doing it, and those today who say we cannot construct, equip and make work a better system of international relations will, I am confident, have demonstrated to them how wrong they are. We can if we are willing and ready, as individuals, to work for such a hope. Deep in each of our hearts is an almost unutterable longing that all this shall never be repeated. We do not want it again. But, alongside of that almost universal desire there must go something else, or we shall get it again, and there will be greyhounds of the sky, capable of such tonnage and mileage and carrying such instruments of destruction, that not a man, woman or child on this earth will be out of the war zone. We had better make up our minds here and now that we can do something to prevent all this in some tragic tomorrow—and we *can* do it if we only want to do it hard enough. It is one thing to sentimentalize over peace. It is another thing to have courage enough and hope enough and faith enough and character enough to stand for and live for the things that mean peace. When we permit our personal greed or our ambition or our profit or our boundary lines or our hatreds to exist alongside our hopes and dreams for peace, we are simply fooling ourselves. That is the barrier which I see before me today as the only real danger for our country and our future. There is no fear of our governmental technique. We have the framework for that well established by test and trial in our own country. There is no doubt about our iron, our ore, our oil, our coal. There is no danger from our inability to develop executive managerial and ownership capacities, for industry. There is no question of the integrity and capabilities of the American worker. There is no danger in the productivity of this good American soil; there is no fear of a closed church door or a locked school house or a destroyed college or university. These things are not in jeopardy. They have the wholehearted endorsement of our people, but all these may fail unless the people have a will for a future which can be translated into action bringing our hope for the future into reality. If we can somehow direct the energy so beautifully expended in our civilian activities during war, the work done for our necessary war-bond drives, the Red Cross and many other organizations—if, when the day dawns when the muskets have cooled and the rumbling, hissing, roaring action of war no longer shakes the earth—if we can take that energy and that spirit and that loyalty and that confidence with us to the making of peace, to the study of the problems in an honest, unbiased, unprejudiced effort to know what is best and what is right, then, with the poet Browning, we can greet the unseen with a cheer.

BOOK CHATS

THE book which is in my hands at the moment is entitled "Our Settlement With Germany"; the author, Mr. H. N. Brailsford, remembered perhaps most for his book on India. The publisher is The John Day Company. Mr. Brailsford, whose position as a journalist cannot be assailed, was a professor of logic before he turned to journalism about 1895. He broke his journalistic career briefly when he volunteered in the Greek Foreign Legion in 1897, and again when he administered relief in Macedonia in 1903. Later he was a member of the International Commission in the Balkans. For four years following 1922 he was editor of the New Leader, an English publication. As his interests began to be centered more and more on the world scene, he visited Russia in the late twenties and India in 1930, and since 1929 he has been a frequent lecturer in the United States. The fact that I have chosen to bring your attention to this book, "Our Settlement With Germany," does not imply that personally I accept all of his conclusions or agree with all of his arguments, but I did find the book a contribution to the subject, and that is the important thing for our information and understanding.

Despite its title, Mr. Brailsford is not narrowly concerned with the settlement with Germany, but with the whole future of Europe and with the inequalities within the allied nations. Our broad goal in dealing with Germany, he believes and so do I, should be to encourage thorough-going revolution against Naziism, which can go hand in hand with the allied demand for unconditional surrender of the Nazi armies. And rightly he warns that if this goal is to inspire confidence among Germans, as it must to be successful, the allies must take steps to clean their own houses of social inequality, imperialism and nationalism. They must be prepared for disarmament of all states on an equal basis, for the granting of political and economic freedom to all peoples equally, and for the opening of equal access for all to industrial raw materials. Then he raises what to many still is a very debatable point; that only Germans themselves can govern themselves; and he sees danger in the apparent intention of Allied Military Government to attempt to run everything in Germany after the armistice. He considers it our job to enable the right Germans to emerge for this purpose and says if we cannot hope these right Germans exist, even though in a great minority in Germany, what other hope is there? And as to an occupation of Germany he writes this and I quote it directly from the book: "If a genuine, democratic revolution should prosper, there would be no need for an occupation at all. The revolutionary government would itself undo the past and deal with the Nazis more effectively than we can do."

Well, we all know that opinion in every one of the allied nations and certainly in our own nation is very much divided on that proposition. He does say that we may justly insist on reparation in kind for physical damage done in Poland and Russia and elsewhere in Europe. But if it is not handled most expertly, and not merely by politically-minded men, it may result in a boomerang.

The disarmament question Mr. Brailsford considers a much broader one than merely the question of

whether to render Germany impotent, and advocates the creation of a World Guard adequately armed and authorized to put down disturbances anywhere, by land, sea and air. It would be made up of picked volunteers from all peoples, including Germans, all of whom would owe allegiance, not to their own governments, but to a true international authority. And here he raises another much mooted point. I mention these and the book, because these will be the questions which will have to be decided before the world can settle down to an era of peace. They must be given consideration and thought, and inasmuch as they are to be faced, it is well for us to inform ourselves adequately and authoritatively on the issues. Mr. Brailsford is opposed to the re-educating of Germany by anyone except Germans, and obviously they must be the right kind of Germans, for one of the definite purposes of this whole conflict is the elimination, destruction and complete eradication of Naziism, root and branch, and no institution or person about whom the least suspicion could hover, as ever having had any Nazi tendencies or loyalties could be recognized or trusted with any part of the educative process of Germany.

The book has seven chapters and each one treats of some specific angle of this most important problem. If we desire a permanent, peaceful settlement in Europe, what shall we do about reparations, frontiers, disarmament, German industries, re-education? How shall we break through the crust of nationalism without producing spurious supernationalism? Here in this book, one of the world's clearest minds puts to the test the problems that every person who believes in good will and permanent peace must face.

* * *

A month and a half ago there was published in this country a book of very significant character.

The book which was a startling and sobering experience for me is entitled "Journey Through Chaos," and was written by Agnes E. Meyer, the wife of the former editor of the Washington Post. Mrs. Eugene Meyer has recently visited 26 war centers and there has observed with penetrating and analytical care the effect of this war on the physical and moral life of the home population. There is no more important concern for us all than what this war is doing and will do to these 20 million Americans, for they will constitute the society to which the 12 million Americans in the combat services will return one of these days. The book "Journey Through Chaos" is her report on the migratory industrial army of these 20 million who found themselves in strange cities, working in unfamiliar occupations and attempting to adjust themselves to a new life.

No one can read these true stories of what she found and saw, without shuddering at the thought of the results. It creates the biggest challenge for education, for the home, for the nation, for the church, ever presented to us. For anyone not to be alert to the significance of this situation is to miss one of the important aspects of our greatest problem. Repeatedly in the light of her experiences she asked herself many times during her travels: "Is this America?"

There are 24 chapters in the book, and each one deals with a locality, and her observations are startling, surprising, and unless we knew that they were facts would almost be unbelievable.

How I wish I could place a copy of this book in the hands of every editor, social worker, educator, manufacturer, labor leader, minister, priest and rabbi, father and mother in this nation. Not only does she state the problem

as she saw it—she does not leave it dangling in the air—but she has suggestions and ideas as to what can be done toward a nationwide awakening to our responsibility and toward preventing the moral disintegration that is so obvious throughout many of these areas.

Twenty million people, constituting the greatest mass movement of peoples in all of our history, cannot leave their homes and the surroundings to which they are accustomed, where their lives have moved quietly and normally, and have the roots of their lives torn up and transplanted, without the creation of serious problems. Mrs. Meyers says, and with her I agree, that it will take three generations to get over the social effects of this war—not the political effects, not the effect of crushing Nazi-ism, not the effect of maintaining order throughout the world or settling the problems of the people thousands of miles away—but three generations to get over what the war has done to ourselves who never left the United States of America, but who have been working and living through it all right here at home. What this war is doing to children is the theme to which she gives more emphasis than any other in her book. It is the children of the nation who are suffering most from this mass migration; from this easy money, unaccustomed hours and all the rest of it. They have been and are being neglected, over-worked, exploited; and as Louis M. Hacker says, in a review discussion of the book, "They have been contaminated physically and twisted emotionally." Whenever that happens to children watch out for the future. History in many places portrays the tragic reality that sometimes nations who win wars, lose the war in the winning.

I am glad we have this book. It is the clearest picture of this frightful condition that has yet been published, and the reading of it cannot help but create within us all a desire to do something about it.

* * *

And now I am going to speak to you about a novel—a novel published only last month, but one which you will hear as much about, as any novel published in the past few years—"Earth and High Heaven," by Gwethalyn Graham. Gwethalyn Graham, who from the age of six took it for granted that she would be a writer, is a young Canadian with an international point of view, which dates from early travel in Europe and school days in Switzerland. Of these later days, she wrote the beautiful book "Swiss Sonata," which was her first published novel and is now on the Nazi black list. This is a recommendation for the book. She looks back gratefully on the friendships made there and her best friends were an Armenian girl, an American-Jewish girl, an Italian and a Pole. After the Swiss schooling she came to the United States and entered Smith College. In 1934 she returned to Montreal and has lived there since. Like most people in that predominantly French Canadian city, she speaks both French and English. Miss Graham has an unusual family background and one that explains her interest in sociological and human problems. Her grandfather, James Frederick McCurdy, world famous orientalist, was a naturalized American citizen. Her father, a well-known Canadian barrister, is Frank Erichsen-Brown, K. C. The hyphenated name is his simply because his father had a Norwegian friend whom he liked so much that he took his name, Erichsen, and made it a part of his son's. Her mother was one of the leaders in the Canadian suffragist movement.

It is always important in evaluating

an author, to know what writer's have been influences on her own work. Because she reads and speaks French fluently, Miss Graham quite naturally would be most influenced by French writers. This is not surprising. "If I could choose," she says, "to write like anyone, it would be Stendhal." She is a great admirer of Hemingway, Steinbeck, Thomas Wolfe, Willa Cather, Ford Madox Ford, Somerset Maugham, and I was somewhat surprised but delighted to know that Arthur Koestler's "Darkness at Noon" she considers the greatest novel of the last ten years. When she was asked recently what were her greatest aversions, she replied quickly, "Generalizations about women writers" and "Propaganda novels."

After reading her novel which is the center of our discussion, "Earth and High Heaven," one wonders if the word "propaganda" could not with propriety be used in describing "Earth and High Heaven," for it deals with the delicate question of love and marriage between two people of different race, background and culture. The novel centers around the lives of two young people, Erica Drake, who lives with her parents, members of an old, conservative, Canadian family, and Marc Reiser, who is a young Jewish lawyer from a small town. They permit no barrier to stand in the way of their marriage. Miss Graham has written so faithfully and honestly and beautifully the story of this situation, that the Literary Guild immediately made it a selection, and the first magazine editor who read it bought it on the spot.

What are the qualities of this book, which will in no time be one of the most talked of books in this country? The book is barely known as yet, but it will not be many moons before it will be debated, argued, discussed, criticised and welcomed, up and down the land. Why will it soon be accepted among the great novels of our day? Every great novel, as any great work of art, must have a great theme. This book deals with one of the most elemental themes in human life—the theme of love between two people. It is a moving drama of human relationships and when love is thwarted, or fought, or prevented by the obstacle and barrier of intolerance, you get a dramatic situation which, when written with literary distinction, constitutes a work of literature.

Do not confuse the high literary quality and faithfulness to life of this novel with the universally known "Abie's Irish Rose." There are no points of similarity. There is no comparison. To borrow an old phrase, this book is as far from "Abie's Irish Rose" as the east is from the west.

The end of the story is a surprise, but the solution is finally found in Marc's brother, who is a physician. Some perhaps will deny the logic of the conclusion, but perhaps the author was more interested in a presentation of the problem clearly and forcibly, than in arriving at any dogmatic conclusion about it, and perhaps its readers, on finishing the book, will have the same opinion on the problem which they held at the beginning; nevertheless, the author has clearly and brilliantly told the story and told it with such distinction that she has produced a work of literature; and the one general deduction which I can make is a sound one it seems to me:—that there is something paradoxical in fighting a war against intolerance, hate and misunderstanding thousands of miles away, and retaining the vicious practices of intolerance and hatred over the thresholds of our own homes. Here is the story of a man and woman who dared "Earth and High Heaven" to make their vision real and their dreams come true.

Peoples Church Bazaar!

December 7th and 8th

Broadcast the announcement to your friends—only one month left in which to complete and send in your gifts to the BAZAAR.

Meals will be served on both days as usual. Let it be the family meeting place on the 7th and 8th —Anderson Hall, The Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Rd. Come early and stay late.

Do Your First Christmas Shopping

at the

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December 7 and 8

Donate your gifts,
then buy your gifts!

Towels—Aprons—Pillow Slips—Slippers —Quilts—Table Linen—Dolls—Toys— Books—Kitchen Ware—Canned Goods— Candy—Groceries—Rugs and Afghans

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

AS WE prepare this November number of our little magazine, the news is coming over the radio of MacArthur's invasion of the Philippines. Our hearts are thrilled and filled with gladness and thankfulness that again these islands, taken so long ago under our protection, will be freed of the enemy and the land given back to its people,—and that those noble men, our own Americans who were fighting to protect it and were made prisoners, unable to leave with MacArthur and his men, will be liberated! On this brilliant autumn morning it seems impossible to believe that in so much of the world there is turmoil and killing, and dying and suffering and all the horrors of war—while we have no fear of advancing battle lines, of bursting bombs shattering all our possessions, leaving all we hold dear a pile of rubble—a paralyzing fear clutching at our hearts at every hum of an oncoming plane! Nor do we realize the heartbreak of evacuating our homes, in all probability never to see them again, as we join the ranks of refugees as they flee from danger!

What we know as "haze" hangs dreamily over our scene, enhancing the beauty of these autumn days—and it is not the smoke of battle! Clouds move slowly across the soft azure sky—but there are no bombing planes bringing destruction and grief! The colorful leaves flutter like butterflies from the trees with every gentle breeze—and children laugh with glee as they romp through them in the park—happy, healthy children without fear! Oh, how infinitely great must be our thankfulness! Let us think on these things—remembering it is *the individual* who keeps the peace at home!

* * *

The Mail Bag gives us this morning a very interesting letter from one of our Church boys "Somewhere in Germany." I know you will all like to read it. It is dated September 21st:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:—Last night the 'Dial' came, and after reading it thoroughly have sent it home today for my parents to read and save. Also I've arranged for my Grandmother to receive the 'Dial' too. She is a member of our church and listens to your broadcasts regularly. The little 'bit' about Will Rogers in your sermon on 'Excuses' was especially interesting. We all know what type of a man Mr. Rogers was and am glad that he found the time to visit our church. Last winter I had the privilege of touring his ranch in California.

"Since leaving France I have also been in Belgium. I thought Belgium was a very pretty country, the homes beautiful, and of course the people so rejoiced and happy that the 'Yanks' had arrived. Of course the people of France were just the same, and in

towns of both countries the flags of their homeland, of Britain and of the United States flew from every house, church and building. Hanging from windows and arching the street were such signs as 'Long live our liberators,' or 'Thank you for liberating us.' The citizens threw pears, apples, plums and flowers to us as we rode by. Of course, now that we are in Germany, it is a different story and the boys here sure are praying that it will end soon.

"My heart of course is back home with my folks and friends and "The Peoples Church." It has been a month since last writing to you and I hope to keep up this pace from now on until I am discharged. My mother and father are especially pleased that you write to me once in awhile. They listen to you Sunday mornings and whenever they hear one of your broadcasts they mention it in their letter to me.

"I know you are going to have a busy and important year at the church. Good luck, Your friend, Lyman Rowley."

* * *

And here is quite a surprising letter —the first we have ever received from a Japanese. It is revealing to say the least, and makes one pause in one's hatred of the enemy nation to realize and acknowledge there must be many Christians among them, brave young hearts, weighted with humiliation and heartbreak! There is a tremendous lesson between the lines of this letter!

"Dear Dr. Bradley: After hearing your broadcast of Friday, October 13th, I couldn't help sending up a prayer thanking the Lord for people like you.

"I am not a Buddhist. I was born and raised in a Caucasian community and a Christian family, but I have a Japanese face. I've learned the hard way how many real friends one doesn't have, but I also learned of new friends whom I have never seen. You are one of these new friends. It is people like you who will help the Americans of Japanese descent go back to normal life and help erase, in part anyway, some of the terrible experience we've had to go through.

"I wish you could meet some of the young people whose families have been broken up and scattered, some in camps, some relocated and some overseas in the U. S. Army, many dead because of existing conditions.

"People like you will help many a disillusioned mind—minds with no hope, believing it is better to be dead than to go out again and face humiliation and heartbreak.

"Although I don't believe in worshipping any but the true God, and had a wild shock when I heard of this Buddhist Church established here, I'm *glad* it's here. It is proof that the American way of life is not just talk.

"May God bless you and all people like you and give you strength to uphold your fine ideals. Yours sincerely, "An 18-year-old American Japanese."

* * *

We were happy to have a letter from the mother of two boys whose names are on our Honor Roll, apprising us of honors conferred upon them. We share in her pride and congratulate her. What incomparable joy it must bring to a mother to know that her boys are "making good!"—Her letter says in part:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: At the close of your very fine sermon this morning, you mentioned the fact that the church was sending a Christmas remembrance to all the boys on the Honor Roll. I think you have Jim's address, although he is still listed in the church papers as Captain rather than Major. Some time ago you published in the Dial such an interesting article on his receiving the Distinguished Flying Cross.

"However, I do not believe you have Bob's Overseas address, for he only went over in May. You and Jimmie knew him the better of the two boys and believe you both would be interested in knowing that he has up-to-date received the Presidential Unit Citation, the Croix de Guerre and the Air Medal with an Oak Leaf Cluster. He is a Glider Pilot and has been in all the recent invasions, beginning with Cherbourg.

"Am enclosing both addresses for your files. Your sermons continue to be an inspiration to me even though it is usually necessary for me to hear them over the radio. Wishing you continued success in your great work and with additional personal good wishes, I remain, Florence H. Meyer."

* * *

As we close the Mail Bag for our Thanksgiving month of November, I offer this benediction by an unknown author:

"Thank God for life!
E'en though it bring much bitterness and strife,
And all our fairest hopes be wrecked and lost,
E'en though there be more ill than good in life,
We cling to life and reckon not the cost.
Thank God for life!

"Thank God for pain!
No tear hath ever yet been shed in vain,
And in the end each sorrowing heart shall find
No curse, but blessings in the hand of pain;
Even when He smiteth, then is God most kind.
Thank God for pain!"

And now—remember to write—
AND—KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

September 15th to October 15th

SEPTEMBER

15—Address. Arrowhead Association Duluth, Minnesota.

17—Morning Service. Peoples Church.

22—Attendance Dr. John Thompson's funeral.

24—Morning Service. Peoples Church. Address Greater Bethesda Church, Chicago. Opening Sunday Evening Forum.

25—Address. Edgewater Beach Hotel. Opening Luncheon, Woman's Club of Peoples Church.
Opening Broadcast Radio Address. WGN.

26—Cutting record for radio address and Radio Address. WGN.

27—Address. Grand Rapids, Michigan. Optimist Club. Address. Grand Ballroom of Pantlind Hotel. Michigan State Medical Society. Radio Address by trans. WGN.

28—Radio Address. WGN. Attendance meeting Chicago Council Against Racial Discrimination Central Y.M.C.A.

29—Radio Address. WGN. Address. Lake Zurich, Ill. Lake County Farmers Institute.

30—Address. Kempton, Illinois. Farmers Institute.

OCTOBER

1—Morning Service. Peoples Church. Address. Freeport, Ill. Oriental Consistory.
2—Radio Address. WGN. Attendance Board Meeting Peoples Church.
3—Radio Address.
4—Cutting record for Radio Address and radio address. WGN.
5—Address. Mason City, Ill. Ill. Teachers' Institute. Addresses 10:30 a.m.; 2:30 p.m. Radio Address by transcription.
6—Radio Address. WGN.
8—Morning Service. Peoples Church. Address. Warren Av. Congr. Church.
9—Attendance Chicago Public Library Board Meeting. Radio Address. W G N. Attendance Chicago Literary Club.
10—Commencement Address. Great Lakes, Ill., Naval Training Sta. Address. Covenant Meth. Church for Borrowed Time Club. Radio Address. WGN.
11—Radio Address. WGN. Book Lecture. Prof. & Business Woman's Club Benefit.
12—Address. Kiwanis Club. Sherman Hotel. Radio Address. WGN. Attendance Chicago Youth Conference.
13—Radio Address. WGN.

Christenings

SEPTEMBER

17—Merlin Paul Crane, son of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Crane.

24—Bonita Marguerite Bistolfo, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. John Bistolfo.

OCTOBER

1—Susan Barbara Thoma, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Thoma.
8—Cheryl Louise Wolf, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Joseph Wolf.

Weddings

SEPTEMBER

16—Arthur Oscar Frisell, Jr., and June K. Wager.
23—Howard Davis and Leota Peters.
Capt. Arthur Carrara and Miss Charlotte Bartels.
Louis Del Dotto and Phyllis Hoesser.
25—Egidio Campana and Lula McKarney.
30—John R. Thomas, Jr., and Helen Margaret Woodward.

OCTOBER

6—Richard McEhlinney and Lillian Campbell.
13—Robert Little and Cynthia Roberts.
14—Lawrence R. Jeffery and Olive M. Kindred.

Funerals

SEPTEMBER

26—Edna Illing. Mrs. Wilhelmina Mutter.
2—Clyde Jacob Metzler. Lella Peterson.
4—Mrs. Elizabeth Forbes.
6—Joseph F. Forbrich.
7—Minnie Noeske.

OCTOBER

9—Wm. L. Lomax. Maud Brunhofer.
11—Gertrude Cone. Sadie Myers.
14—Carl Otto Hoffman.

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If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send $1.50 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now in its twenty-first year of publication, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your $1.50 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

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✦ ✦ ✦

November Production—

"ARE NOT WE PEOPLE?"

By Juanita Caldwell and Helen Kerr

Fridays and Saturdays—8:30 p.m.

(This play won first prize last summer at the Northwestern University Writers' Conference.)

Appearing in the cast are—

Jay Miller	Kathe Zoder
Pansy Morrison	Nana York
Pat Wakefield	Bob Barron
Jack Bensen	and others

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FLORENCE COHEN—Music

ALICE GERSTENBERG—Playwrighting

MARVYN F. HARBERT—Art and Design—Make-up

DELORES MEYER—Children's Theatre; Creative Dramatics for Children; Junior Dramatics

DAVID MOORE—Radio

ROBERTA SLAGLE—Speech and Dramatics for Sub-Deb and 'Teen Age

BARBARA WAHL—Costume Design

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Harold E. Hansen
John L. Freitag
George Freitag
Cpl. Howard Wentz
Lt. Kurt Proud
Kurt Meyer
*Lt. George Formanek, Jr.
Lloyd Blue, Jr.
Howard Carlseen
Clinton R. Sipe
Dr. Henry C. Johannes
Edward W. Nonnenbruch
Wm. Robert DeWees
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Duane R. Terry
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*Killed in action. **Reported missing at sea.

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SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE (Broadcast by WJJD)..... 11:00 a.m.

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE (Not Broadcast)..... 7:30 p.m.

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—Anderson Hall 9:30 a.m.

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES..... 8:00 p.m.

CHOIR REHEARSALS—Every Thursday evening, Church Auditorium ..... 7:30 p.m.

RED CROSS UNIT—Every Thursday in Anderson Hall 9:30 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.

WOMAN'S CLUB—Monday, Nov. 6th, Anderson Hall, Peoples Church ..... 1:00 p.m.
Business and Announcements. War Service Day, Mrs. A. S. Kredler, Chrmn.; Red Cross Day; Subject: "Stump the Experts" (Round-Table Discussion)

Monday, Nov. 20th, Anderson Hall—Literature and Drama Day 1:00 p.m.
Mrs. Franklin Miller, Chrmn. Readings:

1. The Scar—Dr. Christian's Radio Prize Play.
2. Poems to Music
3. Mrs. Ellis Recovers—A Monologue
   Original Work of Francesca Falk Miller
   Lulu Jones Downing, Composer and Pianist

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB—Monday, November 6th, Anderson Hall—"HOBBY SHOW"..... 8:00 p.m.
Miss Gertrude Kruskopf, Chrmn.

Sunday, Nov. 26th—"THE SVITHOID SINGING CLUB" in a Song Festival, Auditorium of The Peoples Church..... 4:00 p.m.
Knute Hansen, Director. Famous Male Chorus of 55 Voices, with Opera soloists. Proceeds to Charity. Tickets $1.00 plus 20c tax—Total $1.20

MEN'S CLUB—Monday, November 27th, Anderson Hall, The Peoples Church ..... 8:00 p.m.
Speaker and subject to be announced.—J. A. Ericksen, Sec., 2223 W. Eastwood Ave.

USHERS' CLUB—Every other Thursday night of each month, Anderson Hall, Sec., Wm. Emrich, Ard. 4462..... 8:00 p.m.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—J. Bradley-Griffin, Director; Mary Clarke, Sec.-Treas. The Uptown Players Center, 1219 N. LaSalle St., Whitehall 5257. (See Special Schedule, page 22 of this issue.)

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